

# COLLEGE CHEER

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Motto: "We Knock to Boost."

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## The Adventures of Two Knights of the Wayside.

(Continued)

Poor Weary Al Ragged thought his time had come. Through his mind was going the only prayer he had ever learned, "Now I lay me down to sleep," when his pious meditations were broken into by a noise like the blowing up of a boiler factory. The dog was ready to begin operations, when he too heard the uproar. Weary's heart bounded with joy. In that noise he recognized the advent of a friend.

Dusty Al Rhoady was riding along in his Maxwell folly, at peace with the world and little dreaming that a brother of the Wanderlust Verein was in imminent danger. As he glided over the hill his finer sensibilities received a severe shock.

When Weary saw Dusty he tipped him the high sign, and with one bound cleared the fence and crawled in with him. At the dizzy rate of six miles an hour they rattled down the road. And the demon-faced descendant of Cerberus still pursued them.

Miss Spin Ster of the vinegar face stood at the gate and called her Rover in vain.

(To be Continued)

## When the Ghost Walked

History repeats itself. At about two o'clock Saturday morning the headless horseman reappeared at Collegeville. He visited the senior dormitory and gave them a few thrills.

All was silent except for the murmuring ripple of the bed springs. A stealthy step, then a rush of feet, a streak of white, a moan, and all was in an uproar. Chairs or couches were no obstacle to this midnight prowler, this robber of sleep. Robert Loughrey, who was finally enticed from the realms of Morpheus, reached under his bed and pulled out his nocturnal visitor. After saying a little prayer over him, he asked what he wanted. "Ssssh, they are trying to kill me!" After uttering these dramatic words, Andy Maher turned his faithful nightmare and rode majestically out of the dormitory.

## There's Many a Slip, etc.

It was a dreary October evening. The sober seniors, having spent the past hour in deep study, rose at the tap of the gong and filed southward. Their faces were lit up with pleasant expectation, for were they not on their way to supper? A casual observer who was on his way from the refectory remarked their striking figures and inwardly bewailed his lack of opportunity for a college education.

Walking along with stately gait, Mr. Paul Barrett carried a jar of preserves. He was engaged in deep conversation with his friend, Frank De Joco. Just as the latter was about to launch forth into a scathing denunciation of journalism, his companion's treasure slipped from his hands and met the floor with a varied assortment of sounds and splashes. The two stoics walked on without losing their usual composure, and left the preserves to the floor and those who followed. Immediately in the rear of Mr. Barrett walked John McGahey. Before he was aware of the fact that preserves had been spilled he found himself sitting in their midst. His bearing remained unruffled as he rose and with painful steps continued on his way to supper.

Down in the refectory all was as usual. As usual, until John Bruin blew in, his face wreathed in celestial smiles, briskly rubbing his hands "Yea, Mack, what did you step in?" were the only words this worthy emitted, but they were enough to disturb the serenity of the whole student body.

SCENE: Most anywhere. TIME: After sunset.

"Oh, father, I see a gleaming light. Oh, say, what may it be?" But the father answers never a— "Pshaw, child, it's only Gregory Miller and his searchlight." Quick curtain.

## Notice!

All you lagging subscribers must appreciate the fact that we have joined the ancient order of Forkover the Mun, so kindly produce the shekels.

THE CHEER PUBLISHING CO.



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It was with prospects of hard work combined with harmless diversion that I greeted the coming of vacation. Now that it has passed and my hopes and anticipations have been realized to their fullest extent, I look back with mingled joy and sadness to those days—joy on account of their pleasures, sadness because they separated me from the place that I love best, St. Joe.

A number of my chums accompanied me to my home and spent a few days with me. We resolved not to forget the training received at college and to adhere to the rule of early to bed and early to rise and promised each other that ever after we would follow that rule faithfully. During the first week however we allowed ourselves the privilege of a long sleep each morning, afterwards attending Mass and receiving Communion.

After a hearty breakfast we would amuse ourselves by taking a spin in the auto to either a nearby town or about the country. Sometimes however we would start on a long tramp to end up at home in the evening, tired and glad to get to bed.

After supper we generally enjoyed a quiet smoke for awhile and talked over past school days. When darkness had settled down we would attend whatever high-class and reputable shows were playing or we would stroll over to a nearby soda fountain to enjoy a cooling drink, and occasionally we would vary this by going to the creamery for a glass of buttermilk.

After a very enjoyable week my companions left for home, and I began my work. I had brought my Latin and Greek books home for extra work. Instead of idle pleasure I made it my duty to do some little work around home, keeping the yard looking nice. Then I assigned to myself the hours from ten to twelve for study. I again spent the hour from five to six with my books. Vacation thus passed quickly away and I was glad to get back to school and real work again.

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You take the belt!

### Don't

Stop at the Candy Store and see our fine line of fall candies!!!—adv.

Billiard Club Members Take Notice!

Get wise to the New Game, Pin Billiards. Try and win the prize.—Geo. Kuntz and Wm. Ehrman, Props.—Adv.

### Gymnastics.

Much interest is being shown in gymnastics this season. During all freetime the small gymnasium is ringing with the merry shouts of the exercisers. If any one did not know what it was all about he might think he was in a mad house. In one corner some young colts are springing over the horse and landing on their heads. In another corner some one is yelling and chinning the bar. Yet there is a method to all this madness. Every little movement has a meaning all its own. Each one of these madcaps is trying his level best to master the tricks of a gymnast. At the end of the year there will be an acrobatic program and all the enthusiastic recruits want to partake in it. Keep up the good work. What's the difference if you can't sleep on account of aching bones and bruises. These will soon wear off, and harden you, and you will step forth a real dyed-in-the-wool acrobat.

### LOCALS.

There are just two things that are bothering Hank's friends. They are wondering where he learned to play tennis and how big the calf was which furnished his foot-leathers.

Collier (in spelling class): "Boo-hoo! I have to take spelling all the time."

Professor: "Why don't you settle it with the Prefect of Studies?"

"Collier: He's too big for me."

Professor (to Hildebrand): "Who invaded Iceland?"

Leo (aside): "Foolish questions." (to professor): "The ice men, of course."

Pill Weger: "Speaking of maple leaves falling, I'm the guy that put the 'pill' in 'maple'."

### Senior Worries

"Say, Mister, where are you going?" a humble junior asked one of our bustling seniors. "Are you busy?" "No, son. I haven't a thing to do. After I study my geometry, write a Greek exercise, study Xenophon, study forty or fifty lines of Virgil, prepare a Rock-cliff exercise, read over my history, memorize a part of a play and write a few letters, I have nothing else to do but go to the auditorium and rehearse for a performance and then take a walk to chapel. When this is all finished I can sit down, twiddle my thumbs and philosophize about the weather. You poor juniors don't realize how easy it is to be a senior. All you have to do is put your hands in your pocket, light a cigar and look wise."



# COLLEGE CHEER

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## Editorials.

"BILL? Yes, Bill is a good scout, but—," and then you are told of the little faults or lacks of virtue that prevent Bill's being a better "scout." "There's Father so-and-so, he's a brick," but after you have listened a little further so-and-so has dwindled to a brickbat. "This here 'ud be a first rate institution if, and if, and if," and along about that time you begin to wonder whether your friend the critic really hies from a one-horse town or whether he doesn't surely come from somewhere farther back, and you begin to think that if he had any sense of appreciation for the good at all, he'd be just about arriving at a state where the question of HIS right to the title of "good scout" would begin to look a little more hopeful. My dear friend the critic (and we have all played the role), this old world at best has been very imperfect ever since Adam and Eve, and to all appearances it will continue so until the last of us critics. And there is just one thing that worries this old knocker when he is itching to expound the pedigree of some good friend. I wonder what monstrous faults strike the discord in my good friend's eulogy of me.

## Minimisms

Zing—smash! A splash of cider on the wall ahead of you and a warm feeling about your left ear, and you turn to praise, in a few well chosen words, the prowess of the marksman. But that delightful person has disappeared and the joke is on you. You enjoy it very much and would love to stay for an encore but you are wanted elsewhere just then and evidently you must hurry.

Now a philosopher would be interested to know why certain individuals throw apple cores at their fellow-beings: a prefect would be interested

to know who those individuals are and—but stop. The title of this article is a misnomer. We can explain why the juniors love this sport, but for the rest, well, it would be of very great interest to a psychologist to know why the seniors do.

Exams will soon be here and on their favorable issue depend your prospects for the varsity.

So plug that when the bell calls you to join

The innumerable caravan that moves  
Through the hall to class rooms where  
each shall take

Exams in Latin, Greek and other  
things,

Thou go not like those who trembling  
sneaketh forth

Into the dark of night to steal a "hale,"  
But sustained and soothed by an un-  
faltering trust

Thou approach thy work like one who  
has

Concealed within his ample sleeve close  
writ

And neatly folded, his "cribbing pa-  
pers."

## Morning Glory

'Twas early morn, a mighty rush

To leave the dorm ere time was up,  
Made us add speed and push and crush,  
So as to see our breakfast cup.

Fine time was made, some were all  
dressed,

And quite a few were still in bed,  
But one poor boy in knots all messed,  
When Ehrman to the doorway led.

What now? We see a spectre dread,  
With pencil and with paper armed,  
Right in our way, as with quick tread,  
We strove to 'scape from being  
harmed.

"One minute, please, your names I'll  
take,

And without breakfast you shall go;  
The rest with yours their fast shall  
break,  
In happy fullness down below."

\* \* \*

Ah, well! For us some sweet hope lies,  
Deeply hidden from prefects' eyes;  
And after breakfast good friends may  
With buns and apples drive hunger  
away.

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